

I'll Always Take Care of You

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Summary: Summary: Felicity gets home from work late. Set after 04x19 but slightly AU because set in the same universe as "Thank Yous and Apologies" where Felicity is still in the wheelchair.

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****Disclaimer:** ****Sadly, I don't own Arrow. It belongs to DC Comics and The CW.**

****Pairing:**** Oliver & Felicity (Olicity)

****Rating:** T******

****Summary:** ****Felicity gets home from work late. Set after 04x19 but slightly AU because set in the same universe as "Thank Yous and Apologies" where Felicity is still in the wheelchair.**

****Author's Note:** ****Some dialogue snippets taken from 04x10: "Dark Water" and 04x18: "Beacon of Hope."**

It was nearly midnight when Felicity Smoak finally entered her apartment after a long day at Palmer Tech. Since Laurel's death, she had thrown herself into her work trying to forget the pain she felt and the whole in her heart that grew bigger with everyone and everything she'd lost.

Oliver.

Her place on the team.

Laurel.

The ability to walk.

Oliver.

No matter how hard she tried to put him out of her mind. He was never far away. She missed him so much that it often caused a physical ache in her chest, right over her heart. The ache was so strong that it often took her breath away.

Sometimes if she was distracted enough the ache would subside temporarily.

But it never disappeared.

And she knew it never would.

Not until she had Oliver back in her life.

And who knew if that was ever going to happen?

Felicity sighed as she unlocked the door to her apartment and pushed her wheelchair inside before locking the door behind her.

The truth was she hated being here. That was another reason she'd been spending so much time at Palmer Tech.

When she was alone in the apartment she felt Oliver's absence most profoundly.

His shoes weren't by the door.

His clothes weren't in the closet.

His leather jacket was no longer slung over the kitchen chair so he could grab it at a moment's notice and head out the door.

It didn't matter whether he was headed out as The Green Arrow or as Oliver Queen.

His empty coffee cup wasn't in the sink next to hers.

The kitchen didn't smell like he'd been cooking.

Now that she was alone again, she often got so wrapped up in her work that she forgot to eat. And when she did remember it was usually Thai takeout at her computer.

For a while she'd have weekly lunches with Digg at Big Belly Burger but even that had stopped since the conversation always inevitably turned to Oliver.

Felicity sighed again, pushing the painful thoughts away. She set her purse and tablet on the end table by the door and wheeled into the bedroom.

She was too tired to think of doing anything else tonight besides taking a shower and going to bed.

She set her glasses on the dresser and rummaged through the drawers to find something clean and comfortable to sleep in.

Her fingers ghosted over a soft gray pullover that had once been Oliver's but she had taken it as her own.

She raised the soft fabric to her nose and inhaled deeply. It still smelled faintly of him.

Wiping the tears from her face with the back of her hand, Felicity grabbed a pair of sweatpants and a towel before she disappeared into the bathroom.

She emerged from the bathroom twenty minutes later even more exhausted than she'd been before the shower.

She climbed wearily out of her wheelchair, and got into bed.

She snuggled beneath the covers and was asleep within seconds.

She knew she was dreaming.

He was dressed in a suit having just given yet another speech as a mayoral candidate.

But this speech had ended in a surprise proposal which of course she'd accepted.

She remembered his words as if it was yesterday, and they still made her feel warm and happy.

"There is one person in particular that I am grateful forâ€¦"

He turned away from the crowd, and looked towards her with a smile.

"Me?" She asked softly, pointing at herself and smiling a little, as they stood together on the stage with the beautifully lit holiday tree in the background.

"You." Oliver replied, before turning to face the crowd once more.

"Someone that has stood beside me when times were darkest."

He turned to gaze at her, briefly again, still smiling before he turned his back to her and continued to address the crowd.

"She is the one who lights my way."

"Felicity Smoak," he began turning away from the crowd to face her as he got down on one knee and she laughed nervously already knowing the question that he was going to ask.

"Would you make me the happiest man on the face of the Earth?" He asked, holding out the ring and smiling.

"Yes." She replied softly, tears of joy running down her cheeks.

"Yes?" He asked, needing reassurance.

"Yes," She repeated, pulling him close and kissing him, once as he

slipped the ring onto her slightly shaking hand and then once more after he had done so.

He stood on the stage embracing her as the crowd applauded, sharing in their joyful moment.

They ran off stage together and got into the waiting car.

"It looks even bigger in here," Felicity said inspecting the ring as the car drove at a steady speed.

He smiled, his hand on her knee, as she spoke, "You know what? To tell you the truth, I don't even care about the bling." She looked right at him, her voice growing softer with the force of emotion and sincerity. "All I care about is you."

Her hand was at home over his as they kissed.

They were both distracted and had no way of knowing that mysterious vehicles had been following them and were now converging on them from all directions.

When the brakes squealed, Oliver looked up, but still not releasing Felicity's hand, "What's going on?" He asked, looking around seconds before the men got out of the cars, and gunfire erupted all around them.

Felicity saw the fear in his blue eyes, just before they started shooting and he grabbed her and pushed her to the floor of the vehicle, in an effort to keep her safe as the driver was shot and bullets came from everywhere.

She felt a sudden wave of pain, like fire as the bullet entered her body. Then she felt cold. And then she felt nothing at all.

"Oliver!" Felicity screamed, the sound of his name on her lips was engulfed by the sound of gunfire and shards of glass as Oliver crawled into the driver's seat and drove them through the hail of bullets to safety.

"Felicity!" Oliver screamed, getting out of the car, and opening the back passenger door. The moment he opened the door, she fell into his arms, unconscious and bleeding as he gently pulled her from the vehicle.

"Felicity!"

"Oliver!" She shouted once more as gunshots swallowed the sound of her voice and tears blocked her throat so she could no longer speak.

_She could hear his voice calling her name so clearly in her mind.

—

It was almost like he was really there.

She could almost feel the brush of the scruff on his chin against her neck as he whispered in her ear.

"Felicity, I'm hereâ€¦I'm here," He repeated softly, "Open your eyesâ€¦Look at meâ€¦You're safeâ€¦Heyâ€¦You're safe."

Felicity did as Oliver's voice commanded and opened her eyes. And much to her surprise Oliver was seated on the bed next to her.

"Oliver?" She whispered, drowsily, "What are you doing here?"

Oliver shrugged, "I was on your fire escape. I heard you scream."

"Why were you on my fire escape?" She asked wincing at the now ever present pain in her back ever since the shooting as she reached for her glasses.

She found them and slipped them on and Oliver's familiar handsome features came into focus.

There were pronounced shadows beneath his beautiful blue eyes.

When was the last time he slept?

"Why were you on my fire escape?" She asked softly, wincing again as she propped herself against a pillow.

"I know you've been working a lot of late nights lately. And with everything that happenedâ€¦I justâ€¦"

Laurel's death.

Darkhe.

The shooting.

"I just needed to know that you got home safe."

She smiled, reaching for his hand, "Thank you," She whispered, pulling him towards her, forgetting for a few seconds that she now longer had the right to.

Because they were together anymore.

Because he had lied to her about William.

His eyes met hers and he replied, "I told you. You _neverâ€¦never_ have to thank me." She nodded and winced again at the pain in her back.

"What's wrong? Are you hurt?" He asked, taking hold of her hand, his thumb rubbing circles into her wrist forgetting for a few seconds that he wasn't allowed to do so.

"It's just my back. I thought the hot shower would help but I guess notâ€¦"

He put one finger gently against her lips, cutting her off, and then he nodded, "Lie back."

"Oliver, you don't have to take care of me." She protested.

Not anymore.

"I'll always take care of you, Felicity."

At this Felicity relented and gave herself over to the familiar touch of Oliver's rough, yet gentle hands against her skin, letting him take the pain away.

She fell asleep but she stirred when he stopped touching her.

"Don't go," She whispered, drowsily. "You're exhausted. I can see it in your face. Sleep here. Don't go, _please_â€|"

It was the way her voice broke on the last word that gave him pause.

"You don't have to take care of me." He said, climbing in on the empty side of the bed.

"I'll always take care of you." She whispered repeating the same words he'd said to her earlier that night.

For the first time in weeks, they both slept soundly.

When she woke the next morning he was gone, but her pillow smelled like him.

End
file.